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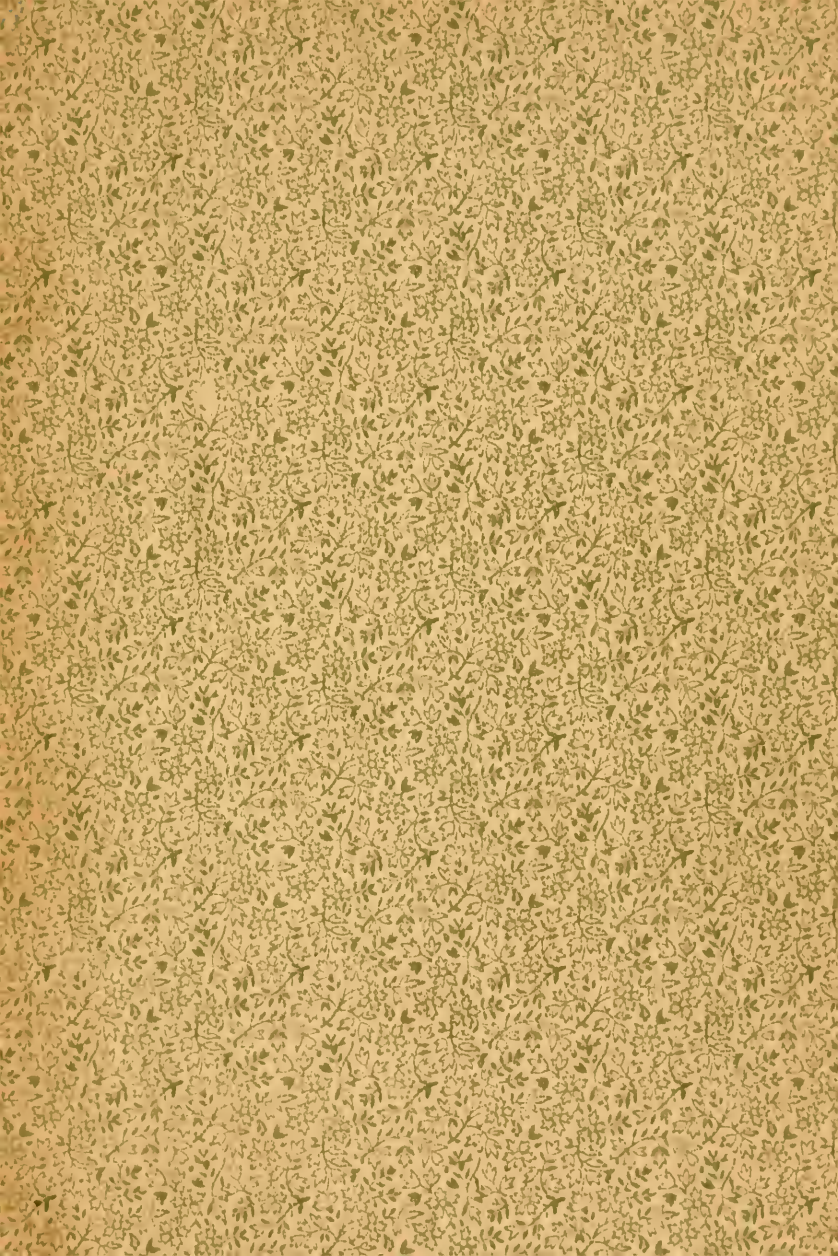
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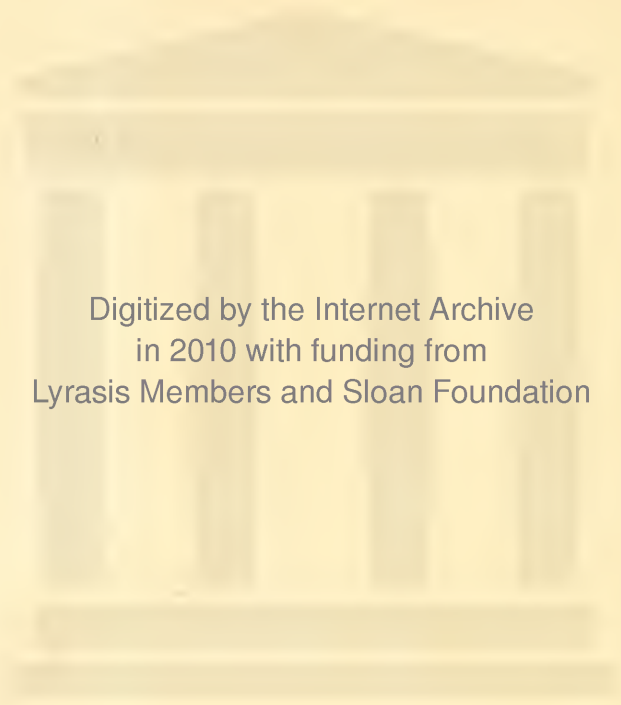
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THE FOCUS

Volume I

FARMVILLE, VA., JUNE, 1911

Number 5

Night

Night is the resting time,
When the deeds of the day are beyond recall,
And the shadows waver along the wall;
While raindrops patter and cold winds blow,
Come feast your eyes on the firelight's glow,
For night is resting time.

Night is dreaming time;
The skies of the future are always fair,
There's never a grief and never a care;
There are silver nights and golden days—
When bright on the future the firelight plays—
Yes, night is dreaming time.

Night is forgiving time;
When the coals drop softly and slowly down,
We yield a smile where we gave a frown,
Our hearts expand as the day grows old,
We welcome the stray sheep back to the fold—
Ah, night is forgiving time.

ALUMNA, '08.

“All is fait——”



LADY to see you, sir.”

Jack Marshall, junior partner of Marshall and Marshall, real estate dealers, impatiently shook a straying lock from his brow, smoothed a crease from his white duck trousers, and, with hands in his pockets, sauntered from the inner office into the “dissecting room,” as he called it. He hated to interview a woman—they had no business dabbling in men’s affairs, anyway.

A slim, white-gowned girl arose at his entrance, and his face cleared at sight of her.

“Hello, Anne, what brings you here?”

“I came to ask about those lots you advertised in to-day’s *Bulletin*,” Anne answered, with a demureness inconsistent with the roguish twinkle in her blue eyes.

“Come, now, Anne. Is it a beach party or a sail?”

“Mr. Marshall,” her assumption of austere dignity barely outlived Jack’s grin, “this is purely a business call. Oblige me by telling me all about those lots on the Bayshore Road near Glenwood.”

“Oh, that’s the game, is it?” Then in his most business-like tones: “Just a minute—I’ll get a map.”

Spreading a blue print before her, he drew his chair nearer hers. A faint odor of arbutus brought back the vanishing frown. What did she know about lots?—what did she want to know?

“This is the car line, you see. That is Raleigh Avenue. The lots follow along the car line six blocks, and back seven. The next street is Hope Avenue, and——”

“But there aren’t any streets. I’ve just come from there, and there’s corn growing.”

In spite of impatience, he laughed at the bewildered childishness of the interruption.

"Why, no; the land hasn't been surveyed yet. It was just put on the market this morning. But this map gives the entire situation," and, with an air of quizzical indulgence, he proceeded to point out the streets, and explain the size of the lots, the price, terms, and general outlook.

Anne listened intently, but he was sure she didn't understand. Every time she said "yes, yes," in a half-assertive, half-interrogative manner, he became more disgusted.

"How soon do you think the new car barns will be built out there?" Anne asked, when he had finished.

Jack looked up in surprise. How did she know about that? It was supposed to be a business secret. Even then, Marshall and Marshall were trying to persuade the Bay-shore Electric Railway Company that there wasn't a piece of land in the ten miles between Dayton and Waverly half so well suited for housing cars as that certain tract joining the one now under consideration. These very lots had been put on the market at a ridiculously low figure as a bluff, to keep, if possible, certain other real estate men off the trail.

"I can't say exactly," he answered, cautiously. "They ought to be run up by next spring."

The blue eyes sought his questioningly.

"Then wouldn't it be a good idea to buy some of these lots now, while they are cheap, and build houses on them to rent to the car men? They'll have to live near, and there are no houses out there, now."

Jack could hardly repress a long, low whistle. This from a woman—no, a little, frivolous girl, whom he seldom took the trouble to think of except in connection with Germans and the like. He thought now—surprise and admiration struggling for the mastery.

Then he caught himself. It wasn't such good business sense, after all, to be counting chickens before they were hatched in this way. The land wasn't even sold to the company yet, but in imagination she had the barns built and car men living in certain nearby houses, from which she received rent.

"Oh, you are looking for an investment," he managed to say, curiously.

"Exactly. You say I may pay ten dollars down, and ten dollars a month on each lot?"

"Those are the terms."

"Then I'll take the three bordering on Raleigh Avenue, and the three joining them,—numbers 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41," and she ran a slender finger over the print.

Jack hesitated. Was it right to let this chit of a girl buy these lots with her beliefs and the facts so far from coincident? However, if the company did buy the land, she would have the greatest bargain she had ever hunted up. His father and he were to appear before the Board of Directors that afternoon and they hoped to seal the contract.

To gain time, he suggested: "Hadn't you better let me take you out to see the lots to-morrow morning? After going over them and consulting the map again, you might prefer some of the others."

She felt that the real business of the interview was over now, so she dimpled delightfully.

"Oh, that'll be fine! Call for me between ten and eleven, and be sure you don't sell one of those six in the meantime. I have a—what do you call it?—on them."

"An option?"

"That's it,—an option. Good-bye, and don't forget my option."

"Anne Peyton, car barns, and options! Holy mackerel, what next!" exclaimed Jack, as he watched Anne's red parasol moving off.

But they didn't seal the contract that afternoon, though Marshall, senior, was more than usually suave and politic, and Marshall, junior, utilized all that forceful logic that would have made him a lawyer of the first degree had he been sufficiently industrious to work at the profession. Moreover, they learned that their most aggressive rival, Oscar Wendal, was also trying to sell the company a tract of land just across the car line from their own.

That wasn't all Oscar Wendal was doing, for just as Marshall and Marshall left the office of the company, a buggy dashed by, and in it were Oscar Wendal and Anne Peyton. They were too busy with each other to see Jack, who wondered how Anne came to know Wendal so well. To his surprise, he felt annoyed.

The next morning Anne was all gaiety.

"I'm having the time of my life!" she exclaimed, as they drove off. "I never dreamed real estate was so interesting. You ought to cultivate it, Jack, you really ought."

"I'd rather sell it," he answered dryly. "What do you find so interesting in real estate?"

"Why, lots of things. Do you know Mr. Wendal?"

"So he's one of the interesting things, is he? How is it that you know him so well?"

"I'm buying some lots from him,—six, *vis-à-vis* to those I'm getting from you."

"How did you know about those car barns?"

"Mr. Wendal told me."

"Oh!"

So they were so intimate that he told her that!

As if in answer to his thought, Anne explained, quite seriously: "For some time mamma and I have been thinking of investing our small savings, and finally decided on real estate. I was so anxious to make a safe, paying investment that I was difficult to suit. Mr. Wendal was about to give

up, when, as we were driving by that land one day, he told me about the barns, and suggested that I buy those lots. I did so."

"Why did you go to Mr. Wendal instead of me?"

Anne blushed a little, but looked bravely at him as she answered: "Mr. Wendal was a stranger to me, and is a Northern man. He wouldn't laugh nor think it strange."

They found several of the Bayshore directors inspecting the land, and Jack was not a little perturbed to note that they lingered, talking earnestly, on Wendal's land.

Abruptly, in the middle of the explanation Jack was giving, Anne left him, and stepping across the track, approached one of the directors just as they were separating, saying lightly:

"Why, Mr. Charles, are you buying lots out here, too? How funny!"

Jack shrugged his shoulders and turned to talk with one of the men.

During the home drive, Anne talked a great deal of nothing, and Jack was amused in spite of the fact that he was worried. It wasn't altogether the sale of the land, though it was his own, and he had hoped to realize a neat profit; nor because he disliked being defeated by Wendal, who, though a comparatively new comer, was beginning to make Marshall and Marshall look to their laurels as the leading real estate firm of the town. On this hinged other things. The Car Company contemplated building a large ice plant shortly. It took very little business foresight to know that the company would want their barns and ice plant adjoining, since it would save much expense in sidings, and this meant another big deal. Besides there was a little scheme of his own to work when once he got the Company's interest on his side.

Anne went with Jack to his office and had him show her on the map exactly what land he hoped to sell the Company,

how far back it ran and what lots of the tract he had advertised, joined it.

"I've decided to take the whole strip of that land joining it—three lots fronting the car line, then right down, seven lots," she announced.

"Why, Anne! I can't let you!" he exclaimed.

"Can't let me! Well, I'd like to know what you've got to do with letting me!"

"But suppose the Company takes neither Wendal's land nor mine, but goes elsewhere to build? It might be years before that land could be made to pay."

"I'll take care of that. You just make out the papers, please, for those twenty-one lots."

And he did so, finally, but very unwillingly.

Refusing Jack's offer to take her home, Anne hurried to Wendal's office, and bought a strip of land three lots wide, extending the full length of the tract, on both sides of the land Wendal hoped to sell for the car barns.

That night Jack called on Anne. He was plainly depressed.

"I came to buy back those lots, Anne."

"That's too bad, for I don't care to sell."

"But I must have them."

"Why?"

"You wouldn't understand, Anne, if I told you, and I'd rather not explain. I'll give you your own price."

"If I can't understand, I can and will hold on to the lots."

"Well, if you must know, the Company is going to take Wendal's land. I don't want you to lose on this."

But Anne couldn't be persuaded to sell, and after an unsatisfactory half hour, Jack left, the impression growing on him that this new, complex Anne was vastly more attractive than the irresponsible Anne he had always known. With the impression came a fear, a pain. How much of this change was Wendal responsible for?

The next day an imperative ring brought Anne to the telephone, and Wendal opened negotiations for the lots he had sold her. With face aglow she steadily refused every offer.

Hanging up the receiver, Anne began to dance around the room in a way most astonishing in such a business woman. She whirled out on the porch, almost running against Mr. Wendal.

"Ah, Miss Peyton, I knew you didn't understand my wish to purchase those lots. I didn't like to speak too plainly over the telephone."

"Did the Company buy your land?"

"There isn't a doubt that they will do so. But they require more frontage than they at first supposed. By adding either of the strips I sold you I can easily make it. It's really a remarkable streak of luck. You can get half as much again for those lots to-day as you paid for them yesterday."

"I don't care to sell."

Wendal looked surprised, then he laughed.

"Not enough money? Call it double what you paid for them, then. I'll make the Company pay it."

"It isn't the money. I just don't want to sell."

"But you don't understand," he said uneasily.

"Yes, I understand," was the quiet answer.

His face turned pale.

"I will give you any price you ask. This will net you a profit you could not hope to realize in years otherwise, and there's plenty of land on each side of this tract for building lots."

"Yes. I know."

His face was drawn. He began to see now that it was he who hadn't understood,—that it was not altogether a question of selling the lots.

"You understand that the Company will take Marshall's land if you refuse to sell?"

"Yes."

He paused.

"Anne, is this my answer?"

"Ah, I'm sorry, so sorry, but—"

Crushing the tender little hand she held out, in both of his, Wendal was gone.

That afternoon Jack was surprised to receive a call from the President of the Board of Directors of the Bayshore Company.

"Your land near Glenwood is still for sale, Mr. Marshall?"

"It is."

"Could you give us more frontage—say ninety feet?"

"I could on the east, and I think I could on the west."

Anne's strip was on the west.

"Then I hope we can effect a deal. The Bayshore Company wants your land for their barns."

Jack looked the astonishment he felt.

"How's that? I thought you had closed with Wendal?"

"When a change in our plans necessitated this larger tract, we found he couldn't accommodate us."

"Why didn't he buy in the rest?" ventured Jack.

The President smiled.

"There was a woman in the case," he answered. "It seems she owns a strip on each side of Mr. Wendal's land, just enough to shut it in, and couldn't be persuaded to sell for love or money. Now, if you'll give me the ninety feet on the west—"

"Just a minute."

After a hurried conversation over the telephone, Jack came back triumphant, and the papers for the transfer of a certain tract of land from Jack Marshall to the Bayshore Electric Railway Company were soon filed.

This done, in a surprisingly few minutes Jack had reached Anne's home, and the interview that followed, though not conducted on the most approved business principles, concerned a transfer more important than either had before negotiated.

"But how could you know that they would want more land?" asked Jack when the more weighty matters had been satisfactorily concluded.

"Because a woman's sense of hearing is more acute than a man's. The day you took me to see those lots, quite by chance, I heard one of the Board say: 'This is the site for us, if he can give us more land. But we must have more frontage.' That was when I rushed over to Mr. Charles, for I hoped to hear more, but that was all."

"So then you hemmed him in on both sides!" laughed Jack. "But why did you insist on buying twenty-one from me?"

"I wanted to make sure that you could give frontage, and if I didn't buy them, some one else might."

"And are you satisfied with your deal?"

"Satisfied? Listen: I bought those lots yesterday at \$150 each for those on the car line, \$100 each for the others, paying down \$210. To-day I receive \$4,500 cash, giving me a profit of \$2,250—a good start for the houses I intend to build on the six lots fronting the car line on Mr. Wendal's side. The remaining lots I shall put on the market to-morrow at an advance of \$50 each."

Jack had long ago capitulated. He was absolutely humble now.

"Anne," said he, the admiration shining in his eyes, trembling into tenderness in his voice, "there's just one more question,—why did you do it?"

Anne's eyes fell, but she answered in her own light way: "Jack, not all the Confederate victories of the Civil War were won by the men. It was again a question of the North *versus* the South, and you know 'All is fair——' "

But for some cause her reason was never completed.

An Opportune Message



WHEN the members of THE Focus staff came to me for material for the magazine I could not let pass the opportunity for giving a word of my teaching experience to our graduating class. Many of this class I have formed friendships with and all of them have my best wishes when they start out as brave teachers next fall. Especially is my heart with the girl destined to be the country school teacher. I feel that her pupils will know and love her more intimately than the children of the well graded school in which the child's teacher changes from year to year and from subject to subject. And so her mistakes will be enduring mistakes and her successes life successes.

Among the hundreds of children I have taught, one stands apart as peculiarly dear to me. His was a very sensitive soul in an apparently hardened exterior. "Garry" is the child I wish to tell you about. My first school was in a little village on an inlet of the Chesapeake Bay. The people of that place make their living from the water, either in trap fishing or "dredging" for oysters, or in fishing on the Bay or "outside" in big steamers for the big oil and fertilizer factories. Many foreigners were imported to work in the factories and a very hard class of men was "bought up" in Baltimore and held to work on the dredge boats. Every one's yard ran down to the water, every family owned a row boat, many owned gasoline launches, and the mode of transportation was by water.

You can imagine this a very interesting place for boys. Those who were not strongly controlled spent their time

around the decks and vessels, coming in contact too often with the rough class of men I have mentioned above, and yet men who had done daring deeds and so were heroes in the boy's eyes and worthy ideals.

Garry, a little less than seven years old, was a child of his environment. At this early age he could fight and swim and swear—a sturdy little fellow with dark, red, sunburned skin, yellow eyes and closely cropped hair. His head was large and his face slightly drawn by paralysis, due to exposure; these combined to give him an old, wizened expression. A veritable little “nut,” as Paul Leicester Ford says, I thought, as he squinted up at me on that first morning.

Apart from his appearance, my attention was attracted to Garry by his first Bible verse. I had been having the children repeat verses during opening exercises. I finally turned to Garry for his. Hearing the children say, “Thou shalt not steal,” and the other shorter commandments and not having very definite ideas about the Bible, he spoke up promptly and said, “Thou shalt not go into a gasoline launch.”

This had been his mother's injunction, no doubt. The children laughed and I explained that he must have his mother teach him a verse. On the following morning when his turn came he said he knew none.

His older brother spoke: “Yes, he does, Miss S.; mother has taught him.”

So on being urged, he reluctantly said, “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall have a *ce-gar*.”

Contrary to what I had expected, I found him an eager little pupil, quick to catch a suggestion and very sensitive to beauty of expression. As soon as we were advanced in our primer far enough to get a line of poetry, he was delighted and extracted more beauty of thought and feeling from it than the poet had perhaps intended. He repeated those lines that he liked until he knew them, and those poems that he

had already memorized he would beg me to read or recite to him, and as I read he wanted constantly to interrupt to explain to me what he thought each figure meant. I suppose no child ever derived more pleasure from "Where did you come from, Baby Dear?" than Garry.

There were times when we did not understand each other. The smaller children were dismissed early in the afternoon, Garry among them. One day, long after he had gone, some one knocked on the house near the door. I went to the door but saw no one. The knocking was repeated loudly. This time I sent a boy; he had my experience. Then the knocking came from the rear of the building, then the side and the rear again; evidently it was done with a stick. Fearing the appearance of such conduct to passersby, I sent a large boy out to discover and bring in this trespasser, and went myself to the door in time to see little Garry running away with all his strength, looking backward at his pursuer with a strained, jeering expression and holding high in his hand a little bunch of pink and blue hyacinths till he tripped and went down, flowers and all, in the dust. He was up in a moment and away. I called to him to come to me.

He cried back, "*You* haven't anything to do with me; *you* are not my mother."

I finally reached him and carried a protesting and excited child home to my own room. Here I tried in vain to discover the cause of his conduct.

Finally he broke down and confessed, "I was taking you flowers; I didn't think it right for a little boy like me to knock on the door, and now my flowers lie mashed in the dust."

I had forgotten the flowers. You see I was as young in teaching as Garry was in going to school.

I had many similar experiences in which his face and manner misled me. Always in the end I found his motive

to be pure and sweet. If I attributed wrong to him, he rarely attempted to set himself right, but usually assumed the rôle I suggested so that his first intention was all the harder to discover.

The days and weeks passed and our sympathy and love deepened. Many an evening he rang my door bell and rushed away, leaving a little bag of candy with a penny in the bottom. Pennies earned now and then were his dearest treasures, no doubt, and the unspent one was to be used as I wished.

Many years have passed since I saw Garry. He is now thirteen. Recently I had this letter from him:

“Dear Miss S.:

I received your Easter card and I know I look at it two dozen times a day. I am glad you are well. I hope you have not forgotten me yet. I still love you very, very dearly. I have not forgotten you, and never will. I am trying to be a good boy just for your sake. We have a new school now.”

Do you wonder that I love him, that my life is influenced by this child! Such experiences make teaching worth while. And yet how perilously close I came to misunderstanding this boy and how many others of my pupils I have failed to reach at all. So I sympathize with all young teachers. I pray them to be very, very careful in the teaching of little children and I can wish them nothing better than that some little Garry may come into their teaching experience.

ALUMNA, '02.

To Her

My dear, when the birds sing joyfully,
 Their morning carols sweet;
 When the sun climbs over the hilltops,
 And my neighbors wake from sleep;

When the morning creeps in through the shutters,
 And its glorious breath I take,—
 Ah, then, in my thoughts I am with thee,
 With thee, as I awake.

Ah, love, as the noon sun travels,
 In state, to its throne above,
 And the myriad voices around me
 Make light of the power of love,

As my being goes forth on its journey,
 Prosaic without thy wand,
 Ah, me, in the noontide shadow,
 I long for the touch of thy hand!

Dear heart, when the purple shadows
 Grow ever gray, more gray;
 When the night winds creep to the valley,
 Gently wafting the day dream away;

When high in the frosty heavens
 The stars come by twos in sight.
 Ah, love, 'tis for me to miss thee
 Through the beautiful star-kissed night.

ALUMNA, '10.

Tennyson, the Voice of Science



It is seldom that we find embodied in the person of one man, a scientist, philosopher, and poet. Yet in Alfred Tennyson we know and recognize such a man. He was an energetic, ardent thinker on every problem offered by the life of his day.

There were comparatively few poets, and hardly any up to Tennyson's day, that had accepted science and her activities as a worthy subject for poetic expression. Poetry had held herself aloof, preferring to regard the intensely practical questions of science as things apart; with the probable exception of Browning.

Even Tennyson's contemporaries avoid the realm of thought and discovery, which was just opening to the awakening minds of men, as one in no way connected with their realm, seeming not to realize that the poetry of an age is the voice of the age, and in order to be a voice of truth should express all its activities. Wordsworth realized this when he defined poetry as "the impassioned expression which is the countenance of all science."

Tennyson, more than any other of his time, realized what the rapid strides which science was making in the awakening of the world would mean. We find even in his earlier volumes something more than the germs of "all the wonders that would be." He stands out a great poet on the threshold of a great age.

Byron had looked forward to the time "when the heart, mind and voice of mankind" should "arise in communion." The great heart of the nineteenth century throbbed with questions of origin, immortality, and eternity. The mind

spent itself on inventions and problems of practical value, and in the voice of Tennyson the age arose in communion with both. People read and loved his poetry because it was the expression of their thoughts and feelings, their doubts and fears.

Each found in it something that expressed his or her individual feeling, so that it was a part of themselves. Tennyson lived with his age not apart from it as poets are prone to do. The one thing that kept him for a time apart from the activities of a world-advancing era—the death of Arthur Hallam—in the end but placed him closer to the pulsing heart of his fellows, giving to him the depth of bitterness and sorrow which alone could put him beside them, and make them feel him theirs indeed.

Tennyson was an enthusiastic advocate of science. With his century he awoke, and kept step with the drum beat of the nineteenth-century revolution. His library consisted of a wonderful collection of books on all subjects. He kept himself informed on new discoveries and theories in astronomy, physics, chemistry, and geology. Living thus in the present, however, he clung to his love for the “storied past,” and wished “ideas by degrees to fullness wrought.” He is a conservative afraid of too sudden change “turning to scorn with lips divine the falsehood of extremes.”

The wonder of the universe, the mysterious plan by which its manifold parts worked in unison, all the mysteries and “unknowns” that have haunted the minds of men in all ages, seemed early to impress the poet.

As a boy, his brother came to him, complaining that he was afraid he was going to feel shy at a party to which he was that night invited. Quickly Tennyson answered, “Think of Herschel’s great star patches and you will soon get over that.”

The age was one of inquiry and doubt—one in which great minds spent themselves in search of truth. Two great questions were the root from which sprang this research—where do we come from? and whither do we go? Tennyson is said early to have entered into the battle of nineteenth-century uncertainty, with philosophy as ally for both sides, and evolution to lead the vanward of the army of doubt. However, he fought well. A notable feature of his later poetry is a certain looking forward, eager, wistful, sometimes sublime.

In regard to the doctrine of evolution, the great stem from which spreads all modern knowledge, the master mind was extremely cautious—this being due to its magnitude. He accepted the doctrine, eventually, as regarded the individual, but never attempted to explain the birth of the human soul.

The Fairy Tales of science found a ready listener in Tennyson. In his poetry we find numerous references to the scientific activities of his time. In *The Palace of Art* we find mention of gas, a new luxury at that time. The first part of a *Dream of Fair Women* is one long figure taken from ballooning. *The Princess* introduces La Place's new theory of human development and the doctrine of design in nature. While in *Locksley Hall* we are introduced to the airships for the first time as he says,

For I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales.

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.

After 1844 we find traces of the influence of the doctrine of evolution, of which, however, he is never an enthusiastic or even contented advocate.

In youth's early enthusiasm he complains that "science moves but slowly, slowly; creeping on from point to point."

With increasing years, there begins to develop within him a certain distrust and disillusion. He finds the man of science to be "fond of glory" and "vain."

In this state we find him exclaiming, "Science enough and exploring, matter enough for deploring." And later comes the almost despairing cry, "Till the sun and moon of our science are both of them turned to blood."

He was a part of the world of science, a man who lived his life in search of truth. That he became disillusioned is but the experience of many others who have fought the same battle; yet the progress of science is unretarded, and still we find "men, through novel spheres of thought still moving after truth, long sought."

ALUMNA, '10.



The Other Side



SOME things that are simply annoying on the outside are very often amusing if you can but get on the inside.

The training school supervisor who helps to make up the rather composite star to which I "hitched my wagon" sent me this message with the picture of a courthouse, "Let your teaching make such as this less necessary." I suppose I had this in mind when I tried to break Virginius from time stealing. Every time he brought in a bucket of coal, it meant a ridiculously long time at the pump afterward.

On guard, one day, I saw him, just before he entered the room, set the bucket down, pick up a lump of coal and rub both hands lovingly and well. Then giving a few artistic touches to his face, much as if he were getting ready for a warpath, he bustled in with the old question, "C'n—I—go—to—the—pump?"

In a schoolroom you are often called upon to doubt the evidence of your own eyes and ears. I remember one day in which my nerves were racked for an hour by the hideous, ear-splitting shrieks of a wood-sawing machine that had been put into operation just across the street from school. In addition, at several intervals, I noticed a faint humming within the room.

"Who is humming?" I asked sharply.

Little Wallace looked up with a surprised face and said earnestly, "That isn't anybody in here humming. It's a wood-sawing machine across the street."

It is always best to be careful before you break into a whispered conversation and make small plans to "gang agley." I wasn't careful once, and sustained a loss thereby.

"Allen! what are you talking about?"

"I was just trading some marbles with Jim for some peppermints."

"Why, Allen!" in surprise and sorrow. Lifting a pair of eyes from which a belief in human gratitude was visibly fading, he said reproachfully, "I was just goin' to treat you at recess."

I've found that seeming dullness is oftentimes merely a different point of view. Giving out the sentence, "The boys are hunting rabbits," I had Ben put it on the board. Noticing that he had left it guileless of punctuation of any sort, I asked, "What comes after 'rabbits,' Ben?" expecting him, of course, to say, "A period." Instead, he answered promptly, "The boys."

Once, a friend said to me, "Now if *I* had to teach school, I know I'd get so furious sometimes, I would turn in and thrash every child and then I'd leave!"

"But," I objected, "you couldn't go back."

"Go back!" he echoed, with great and overwhelming scorn, "I wouldn't want to go back!"

ALUMNA, '08.

Stitches



CERTAIN distinguished gentleman often relates this anecdote, connected with his own childhood:

“When I was a small boy, perhaps eight or nine years old, it came about through various workings of circumstances that I had a job in a tent-and-sail-making establishment.

“The firm consisted of three of us,—the boss, Nat, who was first apprentice, and myself, second apprentice. Our work followed two processes, analysis and synthesis, ripping up old sails, and making the good parts into new ones. It fell to me to do the ripping, and Nat did the cutting and sewing. The boss only bossed.

“Nat, in my eyes, was a great person. He was twice my age. He had a very inventive mind, and I was the object upon whom his inventions were inflicted.

“One day we had finished our work for the day, and I was straightening up the shop. I brushed up a large pile of stitches that had fallen from my work, and gathering them into my hands, I threw them out of the window.

“As I did so, Nat looked up and in his sagest tone said, ‘See here, kid, them’s good stitches you’re wasting.’

“‘Good for what?’ I asked.

“‘There’s a drug store man round the corner that takes stitches.’

“I was completely taken in.

“That night I made a bag, and from that time on not a stitch slipped my fingers.

“For days I sat rapt before my own visions. There was a sugar dog in the bakery window. He would be mine. I saw myself with the stick of an eternal sucker projecting from my mouth. I rode horseback one minute and on a bicycle

the next. I drank pink lemonade by the gallon. I spun around on the merry-go-round until the whole world turned fuzzy-looking. During all this time Nat's mind seemed wholly concentrated upon his own work.

"At last the bag was full! Up to that time I had never slipped out of the shop, but the temptation was too much for me that day. At my first opportunity I was off like a shot out of a shovel for the drug store. I burst into the door madly and rushed up to the counter, asking breathlessly, 'Do you take stitches?'

"The sober little doctor with the smooth face and poppy eyes, and specs on top of his head, seemed slow of comprehension.

"'Hey?' he asked.

"'Do you take stitches?' I repeated emphatically.

"'Oh, stitches! Who wants stitches taken?'

"'I do.'

"'Been in a fight, I bet. Let's see the gash,' said he, coming around in front of the counter, and at the same time pulling his specs down to his eyes.

"He spoke riddles to me. I was hazy as to what a gash was, and I could see no earthly connection between a fight and my bag of stitches. There was nothing to do but to hand him the bag.

"He took it and without looking at it he laid it on the counter and said, 'Quick, boy, show me your gash.'

"'I don't know what you mean by my gash, sir, but there's my bag of stitches.'

"For the first time he saw the bag, and with a puzzled expression he took a peep into it. Then he broke out into a big laugh and said, 'The joke's on both of us.'

"It dawned upon me then that Nat had played a trick on me.

"After that my nickname in the shop was 'Stitches.' "

Blessed are the Geek



ACQUELINE BYRD, more familiarly known as "Jack," sat in the vine-covered summer house swinging her feet, and muttering angrily to herself. The clouds on her brow looked threatening, and her flashing brown eyes betokened a coming storm. The stray auburn locks flying in the breeze tended to intensify the effect of an angry, insulted goddess—if there ever existed goddesses of this red-haired, freckle-faced, twinkling brown-eyed type.

Just then this much-abused individual was angrily tearing an unoffending little lace handkerchief, and saying things to herself in a way that a father's only daughter "hadn't order." "The horrid old thing," she was muttering, "I don't care if he is an English lord and has a string of titles fifty miles long. I just bet he has a prissy little mustache, his eyes squint, he carries a monocle and walks with a cane, and looks condescendingly superior. Ugh! Never would I marry such a creature—not even if his name were *Dick*, instead of Lord Cuthbert Livingston Ellmore. Cuthbert Fiddlesticks! Think of kissing such a person!" Here she sat bolt upright, and a dangerous twinkle came in her eye, which boded no good for his lordship.

The cause of this tempestuous outburst was a conversation held with her mother and father earlier in the morning. The Judge's strictness was not particularly objectionable to Jack, but when it came to timid little Mrs. Byrd telling her that she *must* marry this much-to-be-despised English lord who was soon coming to visit at Ridge View—why it was insufferable, and an insult to her maidenly dignity.

Besides, there was Dick, to whom Jack had been engaged for three whole months, although the young couple had not been on speaking terms for a week, yet Dick was Dick, and no one could take his place.

During the time that elapsed between this incident and the day set for his lordship's arrival, Jack's meekly submissive demeanor so puzzled her fond parents that they finally decided that "at last the little vixen had been tamed." The fatal day arrived, and his lordship was expected at seven o'clock. The Byrd household was in a flutter of excitement. Such a sweeping, dusting, cooking, and polishing up of old family silver went on that it would have caused my lord Cuthbert Ellmore's aristocratic head to almost burst with self-importance had he but known of it. There was only one person in the household who appeared to be utterly oblivious of any cause for unusual excitement. That person was Jack herself. Hers was the attitude of an innocent lamb led to the slaughter to be sacrificed at the altar of parental love and filial obedience. Beware, parents, trust her not!

Five o'clock, six o'clock and even seven o'clock came, still Jack was not ready. Poor, fluttering Mrs. Byrd was in a frenzy of excitement. Presently the door bell rang and Mrs. Byrd rushed down to apologize for a delinquent daughter's tardiness. They had scarcely seated themselves when a vision appeared unto them—a study in scarlet, auburn and violently contrasting reds. Yes, it was Jacqueline arrayed in a borrowed dress of her neighbor's, head surrounded by a halo of auburn waves of pompadour, and cheeks painted to a rosy hue.

The formalities of the introduction over, poor, trembling Mrs. Byrd slipped out of the room in order to recover from her spasm of astonishment. Now that the two were alone, Jacqueline sidled up to her would-be lover, slipped her hand into his, and looked lovingly into his eyes. All power of speech seemed to have left her, for not a word did she utter,

although the new-comer gallantly attempted many subjects for conversation. After about what seemed an hour to the nervously agitated Lord Cuthbert, the servant finally came in to announce that his lordship's room was ready, and the anxious victim made his painful exit.

Jack's triumph was complete. Picking up a pillow she hugged it vigorously, while exclaiming ecstatically, "Jack, old girl, you're a brick, a trump, a regular peach orchard. I'm proud to call you daughter. The poor creature is scared out of his seven senses, and the scheme is going to work."

The next morning, after a painful evening spent with his would-be fiancée, Lord Cuthbert arose early and started out for a walk. He had not gone far, however, when he heard the sounds of footsteps. There was Jack, like a pursuing Nemesis, pantingly following him. Suppressing a strong desire to attempt flight, the tormented victim forced a smile, and with an attempt at brightness said, "Good morning, Miss Byrd; what brings you out so early?"

Whereat Jack replied, smiling confidently up at him, "I saw you going out by yourself, and thinking you might be lonely, I thought I would come along with you. I hope, sir, you don't mind."

All attempt at conversation being futile, Lord Ellmore gave himself up to his reveries, which were suddenly interrupted by a timid little hand stealing into his. Mrs. Byrd, half an hour later, looked out of the window, and seeing the couple coming up the walk, hand in hand, congratulated herself on the evident success of her plan.

After breakfast, his lordship expressed a desire to read. He was comfortably seated in a large arm-chair, and was completely absorbed in a copy of Larned's "Political History of the English People," when he became aware of some one standing near him. Looking around, he beheld Jack with a large palm leaf fan in her hand.

"I thought," she explained timidly, "that you might be warm, so I brought this fan along. Don't let me disturb

you; go on reading, and I'll look over your shoulder and read with you while I fan."

Now, if there was anything under the sun which thoroughly exasperated Lord Cuthbert it was to have any one look over his shoulder while he was reading. He twisted and turned, sighed and groaned, and was altogether unhappy. To no avail, the merciless fanning went on. Once he thought he heard a snicker behind him, and turning suddenly he caught a broad grin on his tormentor's face. This gave him a reasonable excuse to go, so pleading a headache, he sought refuge in his room. There he held a debate between his walking stick and his derby. The subject was, "Resolved, That Cuthbert Livingston Ellmore shall not remain in this house any longer and be tormented by this simpleton of a girl." The decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative, and three o'clock found his lordship on his way to the station, bag and baggage in hand. In seeming distress, he explained to his hostess the receipt of a letter, which, unfortunately, caused him to cut short his visit to America and to return immediately to England.

After the departure of Lord Ellmore, Jack seemed dejected and out of spirits. In despair she cried to her mother, "Nobody talks to me, or likes me, but fools and children, so I guess it will have to be just Dick after all, instead of any aristocratic English Lord."

Whereat innocent Mrs. Byrd, falling readily into the trap, said with the air of an early Christian martyr, "Well, Jacqueline, I give you up! You will never make an impression in society, so you might as well throw yourself away upon Dick as any other ne'er-do-well."

In June, that happy month of brides and roses, two weddings took place, one on each side of the Atlantic. For, at the same time that Dick and Jack were marching up the aisle to that "Mesmerising Mendelssohn tune," Lord Cuthbert Ellmore was leading to the altar as his blushing bride, Miss Martha Gladstone, the famous suffragette.

RUTH DABNEY, '11.

At Rest

Safe in the arms of sleep we lay,
Lifting the burdens of care away,
Forgetting the world and its busy life,
Thinking not of the hours of strife.

Ofttimes of happiness we dream,
Building air castles, it may seem;
Dreaming of those we love so dear,
Tho' far away, we dream they're near.

But the sun shines forth with dazzling rays,
Putting an end to our dreamland days,
And slowly our eyelids slyly peep
As day enters, saying "no more sleep."

NANCY REED.

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Duty

"'Twas a brave deed and a kind one,"
I heard a stranger say,
"But he only did the duty
That came within his way."

With duty done at eventide,
When my life's thread is spun,
I shall not mind the meeting
Of the shadow and the sun.

ALUMNA, '08.

EDITORIALS



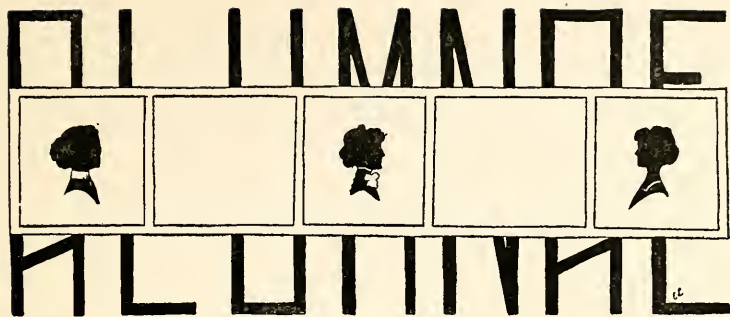
In our first issue of *THE FOCUS* we asked for the coöperation of the students, the alumnae and all other friends interested in making our magazine rank among the best. In this, our last number of this session, we wish to thank all of those who have given us any help—some have helped by their contributions, others by their subscriptions, and others by their criticisms, for criticisms, even adverse ones, while they rankle for a while, *do* help. The present staff has done all in its power to put *THE FOCUS* upon a good, firm working basis for next year. Of course you will have the advantage next year of beginning at the first of the session and working on through to the end, and you will not have to get out and drum up business, as this year. All who have had any connection with *THE FOCUS* this year will follow its course with a great deal of interest, and let us ask that you, as the student body, will continue to give it your loyal support throughout the coming years, for we sincerely hope that a magazine has been started which will continue to represent our school for many years to come. Broaden it and build it up as you will, but let it still remain an organ of the student body.

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The Coburn Players. Words are inadequate with which to express our appreciation of the Coburn Players, whose admirable presentations of several of the Shakespearean plays we enjoyed the last of May. They pre-

sented on the East lawn of the campus four of the most interesting of Shakespeare's plays, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Macbeth*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and *Much Ado About Nothing*. Many of the girls had seen the Coburn Players last year, and the crowds that greeted the Players on their second appearance before us showed with what eagerness we had anticipated their coming this year. It was an opportunity which few of us could afford to lose—an opportunity to see real players in real plays.





The following letter from Lynchburg is of extreme interest to us:

“Owing to the large number of Lynchburg girls who graduated from the Normal School in 1908, a Lynchburg Chapter of State Normal School Alumnae was organized in May, 1909. Mrs. Jean Boatwright, president of the Normal School Alumnae of the State, called us together and presided at the meeting.

“The reasons for organizing were, first, loyalty to Alma Mater, a desire to keep in touch with our school home, to watch, with others of like interests, its growth and development; second, comradeship, a wish to know better the girls and women of our own city who have spent two or more years in the Normal School, and who, for the most part, are teachers, to gain inspiration and help from one another, and together, perchance, to turn the leaves of ‘Auld Lang Syne.’

“The reason for organizing, however, was not prompted by selfish motives or sentiment alone, but rather by the desire to promote the Normal School spirit in its broadest sense,—the spirit of helpfulness, the desire to work with some definite object in view which, being accomplished, will reach beyond ourselves and prove of some account to others.

“We decided to raise a scholarship fund by voluntary contributions and in other ways, which was to be lent to some worthy graduate of the Lynchburg High School. The money

was to be a loan, without interest, which could be paid back after the borrower had obtained a school. The plan has so far succeeded that the scholarship fund is an established thing, and at present is being used by one of the Normal School students.

"The Chapter, itself, has derived much pleasure out of the work, and the membership has increased until now there are twenty on roll.

"In closing, we wish to say that this little history is given merely as a suggestion to alumnae just organizing, and that any information that others can give us will be most gratefully received."

List of members :

Ida Watts, class of '88, president; Mary Read, class of '08, vice-president; Elizabeth Curtis, class of '96, corresponding secretary; Claire Burton, class of '08, secretary; Elizabeth Galloway, class of '95, treasurer; Florence Acree, class of '10; Beverly Andrews, class of '08; Rosa Caldwell, class of '—; Hattie Cox, class of '09; Mary Horner, class of '08; Imogen Hutter, class of '08; Ethel Sandidge, class of '09; Price Starling, class of '06; Mary Lou Tucker, class of '08; Mabel Woodson, class of '09; Mrs. Jean Boatwright, class of '86; Mrs. W. D. Eller, class of '90; Mrs. Johnson, class of '92; Mrs. A. P. Montague, class of '89, and Mrs. T. A. Woodson, class of '88.



Olive May Hinman, class of '05, has been elected Head of the Department of Drawing and Manual Training at the Fredericksburg Normal School, which opens its doors next fall.

Henrietta Dunlap has spent the past year teaching at her home in Lexington, Va. She is a member of the class of '06.

Mrs. Ethelyn LeGrande Jones Morris, of the staff of "Modern Priscilla," Boston, Mass., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis D. Jones, at "Keswick," New Store, Virginia. She graduated 1896.

Mrs. Fred Hanbury, née Jennie Blanton, class of '08, and her daughter, Louise, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Blanton, Farmville.

Miss Kate Hunt, class of '88, who was formerly principal of Stonewall Jackson Institute, is now in Bristol, Va.

Laura Baldwin, class of '98, is at home again after a visit of several months to Richmond and Lynchburg.

Juliette Hundley, class of '07, who has been teaching in Kingston, N. C., will spend part of her summer in Asheville, N. C.

Mrs. M. L. Bonham, née Odelle Warren, class of '98, has spent the past two years in New York City with her husband, who is studying for his degree at Columbia. Mrs. Bonham will spend the summer with her parents at Pamplin, Virginia.

Martha and Minnie Blanton, class of '09, have the sympathy of their alumnae friends in the death of their father, Mayor W. T. Blanton, of Farmville, which occurred April 16th.

Isa Compton, class of '06, had to give up teaching in Laurel, Mississippi, for the last term on account of her health. We are glad to learn that she is improving now. Her home address is Front Royal, Virginia.

Hattie Robertson, class of '10, has been assistant principal in the High School at Jarratt, Virginia, during the past year, and has taught Algebra, English, Literature, and Latin.

Dorothy Rogers has spent the past year teaching at Toano, Virginia. She graduated in the class of '06.

Etta H. Sampson, class of '04, was married May 2d to Mr. Harold M. Horton, of Utica, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Horton will live in Utica, where Mr. Horton is an instructor in the Utica Academy.

Bertha Van Vort, class of '89, is teaching English in the High School at Richmond, Virginia.

Mrs. Frank M. Wooten, née Elizabeth Wade, class of '05, is living now in Greenville, N. C.

The present home address of Mrs. Wm. B. Pettigrew, née Mamie Wade, class of '02, is Florence, S. C.

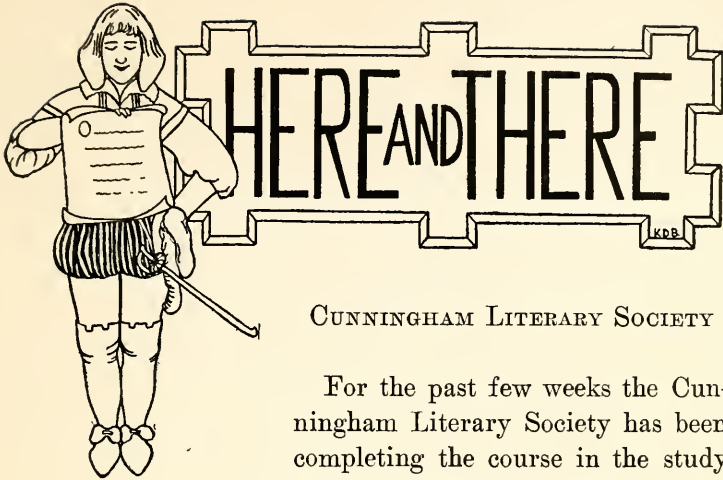
Mrs. E. T. Hines, née Blanche Baldwin, class of '93, is visiting her parents in Farmville, Va. Mr. and Mrs. Hines will be at home after June 1st in Norfolk, Virginia.

Mrs. Mattie Wainwright Whitehead, class of '97, was married in April to Mr. Frank W. Hubbard, of Farmville, Va.

Annie Hawes Cunningham, class of '98, has made her home in Washington, D. C., during the past winter.

Anna B. C. Jolliffe, class of '06, has been teaching in Hot Springs, Virginia, during the past year.

Since Christmas a branch chapter of the Virginia Normal League has been organized in Roanoke by the alumnae who are teaching in the schools of that city. With thirty members as a promising beginning, good work is expected of this new organization, which, with Miss Pauline Williamson as president, has already succeeded in enrolling among its members some of the citizens of Roanoke who are ready to give their support to a good cause.



CUNNINGHAM LITERARY SOCIETY

For the past few weeks the Cunningham Literary Society has been completing the course in the study of English novelists, by making a very interesting study of the life and works of Sir Walter Scott. The programs have been especially instructive, and we all feel that we have become more familiar with the great "Wizard of the North" than ever before.

Besides interesting literary programs at our meetings, much has been added to them by the special musical features.

In our first meeting on Scott the following program was given:

- Sir Walter Scott as a Man.....Genievieve Hopkins
- Scott as a Novelist.....Elizabeth Scott
- A Reading from Scott.....Louise Fergusson
- Piano Solo.....Grace Howell
- Scott as a Poet.....Lalla Jones
- A Sketch of Scott's Poem.....Bessie Price
- Vocal Solo.....Grace Woodhouse
- Scotch Ballads.....Cunningham Glee Club

Our next meeting was a continuation of the study of Scott, the subject being, "Scott as a Poet and His Poems." A very interesting comparison of Scott and Burns as Scottish poets was given us by Katherine Cooke.

Piano Solo.....Rose Parrott
 The Story of *The Lady of the Lake*.....Pearl Parsley
 Vocal Solo.....Frances Graham
 Reading—Scott's translation of The Erl King.

Mamie Auerback

At our meeting of May the thirteenth the following new officers were elected for next year:

PresidentMamie Auerback
 Vice-PresidentKatherine Cooke
 Recording Secretary.....Sallie Jackson
 Corresponding Secretary.....Honor Price
 TreasurerAlean Price
 CensorRose Parrott
 CriticGrace Woodhouse
 ReporterElizabeth Downey
 Joke EditorFrances Graham

We have all enjoyed the work of our society this year and it has been a great help as well as a pleasure to us all.

ARGUS LITERARY SOCIETY

The last open meeting of the Argus Literary Society was held in the Auditorium May 6. The program was composed of music and comic pantomime.

Frances Davis rendered an enjoyable piano solo, after which the Argus Trio, Helen Massie, Nannie Wimbish and Flora Redd, by their interpretation, made us realize the pathos of *Absence*.

Edna Landrum, in her usual sweet voice, sang the amusing comedy of "Miss Betsy McPherson," which was ably acted by the following young ladies: Aline Gleaves, who made an attractive country lover, Louise Bathis, a typical Priscilla, Pearl Matthews, a charming old man, and Elizabeth Hart, who was all that could be desired as "Miss Betsy."

After the program a business meeting was held and the following officers elected:

Therese Johnson	President
Frances Davis	First Vice-President
Elizabeth Hart	Second Vice-President
Lou Geddy	Recording Secretary
Aline Gleaves	Corresponding Secretary
Esme Howell	Treasurer
Anne Conway	Critic
Flora Redd	Censor
Sallie Hargraves	Reporter

The Argus Seniors are all grieving that they cannot continue the course of study in Modern Drama during the next session.

PIERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

On Friday evening, April 26, an open meeting of the Pierian Literary Society was held in the Auditorium.

The program consisted of a song: "Heart's Ease," by the Chorus; Character Sketch—Falstaff *versus* Prince Henry, by Bessie Trevvett; The History of the Song, "Heigh, Ho for a Husband!" by Ethel Ayers; Song, "Heigh, Ho for a Husband!" by the Chorus; Reading, Act II, Scene 4, by Lucile Cole and Elizabeth Hawthorne; Duet, "Dance of the Uhlans," by Lucille Bowden and Alice Healy.

The course of study of the year, which was selected from Shakespeare's works, ended with the work of May. This work has been both pleasant and beneficial, and we look back upon the year as one which was unusually successful.

ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

After a general survey of the Elizabethan period of literature we have taken up the more detailed study of some of the greatest writers of this age.

During the past month we have been studying Milton, his place in the world in his own time and to-day, and his greatest works. As the result of this study several very interesting programs have been given and many members have decided to class Milton's poems among their "old friends."

As the end of the year's work draws near we look back over it with pleasure and even pride, and then renew our determination to make the work which we are planning for next year such that it will indeed be an honor to our "Athena."

At a meeting held Saturday, May 13, the following officers were elected for the next term:

President	Thurzetta Thomas
Vice-President	Eunice Watkins
Recording Secretary	Annie Laurie Stone
Corresponding Secretary	Lily Percivall
Treasurer	Florence Buford
Critic	Gertrude Martin
Censor	Irene Briggs
Reporter	Anna Howard Lawson

RUFFNER DEBATING SOCIETY

Our society was organized November 30, 1910, with sixteen members. Our membership has now been doubled and we are hoping that it will soon be increased a good deal more.

While our purpose is debating almost exclusively, we have found time for two very interesting programs of other nature. The first of these took place in Room I on April 29, and consisted of a spelling match. Virginia Cox and Frances Merriman were the captains of the lines. Amenta Matthews was found to be our best speller and Susie Holt was found to be our second best.

At our next meeting we had a debate. The subject was, "Resolved, That Immigration is Desirable." The speakers

on the affirmative were Augusta Sutherland and Susie Holt; on the negative were Amenta Matthews and Ruth Phelps. After the discussion, which was hot and spirited, the decision was rendered in favor of the negative.

At our last meeting, which was held May 5, our program consisted of papers on "Ruffner's Early Life," by Brown Thornton, "Ruffner's Work as an Educator," by Kate Ammonette, and "A Possible History of the Ruffner Debating Society," by Mabel Peterson.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

The time is fast approaching when we shall send a delegation again to the Southern Conference of Young Women's Christian Associations to be held at Asheville, N. C., from June 9-19. It now looks as if we were to have a larger delegation than in previous years. Let us send one of which we may well be proud!

During the past month the Bible and mission study committees have canvassed the student body and invited them to join one of their classes next year. In the Association's endeavor to cooperate with the churches in town, most of the Bible classes will be held in the Sunday-school, and courses have been outlined in a four years' cycle somewhat as follows:

First and second year students—"The Great Events of Christ's Life."

Third or fourth year students—"Life of Paul."

Juniors—"Leaders of Israel."

Seniors—"Teachings of Jesus and His Apostles," or "God's Methods of Training Workers," or "The Will of God."

The missionary committee present six eight-week courses on mission countries, one reading circle and a normal class for leaders, and have redeemed the missionary-giving pledges.

The "Senior Tea," given by the Social Committee, proved to be a most happy affair, and a tramp to Taylor's Pond was enjoyed by seventy members.

The Building Fund Committee reports that the \$2,000 mark has been reached and that a systematic campaign to raise the remainder necessary for a student building is being planned for the fall.

The members of the new Advisory Board are Miss Andrews, Miss Coulling, Miss Hiner, Mrs. Jarman, Miss Rice and Miss Rohr. At their first meeting on April 27 they elected Miss Andrews chairman of the Board.

With their wise counsel and constant support, and with a general secretary giving her entire thought to our Association problems, we may well be encouraged to enlarge the sphere of Christian love and usefulness in our school, in our state, in our nation, and even beyond the seas.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

In a very fast and interesting game of basket-ball between the "Red" and "Green" teams on Thursday, May 4, the "Greens" were victorious with a score of 8 to 2. The "Reds", although faster than the "Greens", lacked the team work which was so well exhibited by the "Greens." Every member of each team played her very best, and all of the "Green" girls deserve credit for the victory, as it was by no one person's work that the game was won, but by the coöperation of the whole team. By the end of the first half the "Reds" were in the lead with a score of 2 to 1. At the beginning of the second inning, after a ten minutes' rest, the "Greens" went into the game confident that with a little hard playing

the score would be theirs. Soon the ball was put into play and the "Greens" began to make the basket successfully. The game ended with the score 8 to 2 in favor of the "Greens."

The "Reds" missed their excellent forward, Kathleen Baldwin, but were lucky to have back one of their old players, Mary Anderson.

The line-up was as follows:

<i>"Greens"</i>		<i>"Reds"</i>
Maggie Gilliam.....	Right Forward.....	Bessie Paulett
Virginia Paulette.....	Left Forward....	Virginia Perrow
Fannie Graham.....	J. Center.....	Grace Freeman
Sallie Redd	Right S. Center.....	Mary Anderson
Grace Logue.....	Left S. Center	Marie Mapp
Aline Gleaves.....	Right Guard.....	Etta Morrison
Louise Rowe.....	Left Guard.....	Alean Price
Lillian Wilson } Pattie Epes } Ethel Scott }	Substitutes	{ Katie Gray { Leta Christian

Two basket-ball and three tennis courts have been put in order for the girls and one tennis court for the faculty. The second basket-ball court is for the class teams, as it was seen that many girls besides the two regular teams wanted to play. Alean Price, vice-president of the basket-ball part of athletics, is putting forth her best ability as a coach for the new teams. We hope in this way and by other means to create class spirit in school, which so far has been lacking until the Senior year.

On the tennis courts every afternoon the girls are seen working, as the time for the tournament is not far off. The faculty court is also well occupied, but we are sorry to see that not more of the faculty take part in athletics. Why doesn't the faculty have a tournament?

GOLD VERSUS LAVENDER

A crowd of girls watched a hard-fought game of basketball on the court here last Saturday, May 6, when the "Golds" defeated the "Lavenders" by a score of 15 to 5; Miss Lewis acting as umpire. The game was called at 9 o'clock, and, although the "Lavenders" played well, the odds seemed to be against them from the first.

A promising future seems to be opening up for the girls of the First A team, and they are looking forward to the time when the Second A girls will challenge them, giving the "Golds" again an opportunity to wave in triumph over the "Lavenders."

SENIOR CLASS REPORT

One of the most entertaining events of the season took place Friday night, May 5, when the Senior Minstrels condescended to amuse us. They were great! Everybody had a good time. The Senior Class had suddenly turned black, and it had on hand a most enjoyable cake-walk. The judges could not decide which couple was best, so the cake was awarded to them all. After this there was a most laughable scene involving "Mammy Lou and her chilluns." Recitations, songs and dances added to the occasion, but the climax came when Mrs. Jamison invited the darkies back into the dining-room and served everybody's favorite ice cream.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

Senior Banquet, Friday, June 2.

Alumnæ Day, Saturday, June 3.

Address by Dr. J. C. Metcalf at 8:30 p. m.

Reception, 10:30 p. m.

Baccalaureate Sermon, Dr. G. E. Booker, at 8:30 p. m.,
June 4.

Class Day, Monday, June 5.

Exercises, 8:30 p. m.

Graduation Exercises, June 6, 10:30 a. m.

Salutatory by Miss Louise Ford.

Address by the Honorable Richard Evelyn Byrd.

Valedictory by Miss Myrtle Townes.

Delivery of Diplomas by President J. L. Jarman.

The Coburn Players were here on May 18-20. They presented four of Shakespeare's plays—*Romeo and Juliet*, *Macbeth*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*. These plays were given on the campus. The girls in school showed that they were alive to great opportunities by the large number present. Many of the people of Farmville and of the neighboring towns were here also. The Coburn Players were here last year and we hope that their coming will be made an annual pleasure.

Miss Carrie Rennie went home on Friday, May 5, to attend her sister's wedding.

Midsummer Night's Dream was presented by members of the four literary societies on May 12. The characters were well portrayed and the acting showed hard work on the part of the actors.



IT OR MISS

Wanted—To know the difference between a tadpole and a pole cat. Please send all information to Lucy B. Leake, Room —.

△ △ △

Mr. G-a-n-er: "What does the date 1607 stand for?"

P-u-i-e H-w-r: "The Declaration of Independence."

△ △ △

T-e-s-e J-h-s-n: "I have just been reading a most brilliant description of the last Mardi Gras."

M-e W-l-i-s-n: "Of what?"

T-e-s-: "Why, the Mardi Gras! Don't you know?"

M-e: "No, I've never heard of any. You know we don't have things like that in Bedford."

△ △ △

Miss B-gg: "What two places does the Erie Canal connect?"

A-i-e G-e-v-s: "Two of the Great Lakes."

△ △ △

Old Student: "How old are you?"

New Student: "I'm seventeen and will be sixteen in August."

Miss B-d-le: "What is the difference between the cerebrum of the brain of a cat and that of a rabbit?"

I-y W-i-l-y: "The cerebrum of the cat is larger than that of the rabbit and has more convulsions."

△ △ △

Tiny: "Flora, do you speak German?"

F-o-a R-dd: "Oh, yes, 'Je suis.'"

△ △ △

Mr. G-a-n-er: "Did Shelley live and die an aristocrat?"

K-t-l-en F-re: "No, he was drowned."

△ △ △

Mr. G-a-n-er: "Who can tell us anything about Shelley's life?"

M-ry P-t-ey: "Well, he once swallowed some arsenic, which ruined all his books, his clothes, and all the furniture in the house."

△ △ △

Miss J. (Geometry): "If this angle is a right angle, what is this other one?"

S-s-e C-w-p: "Wouldn't that be a left angle?"

△ △ △

Mr. L-ar: "If there were lots of men in a place, and a good many women and children came there, what kind of an industry would arise?"

Voice (from back of room): "A marriage bureau."

△ △ △

Answer to a question in a physiology test: "Breathing is done by the ribs being lowered and highered."

A deaf farmer once had a cow-zephyr
 Who was such an amiable hephyr;
 When the farmer drew near
 She kicked off his right ear,
 Which made the poor farmer much deaphyr.

△ △ △

Beneath this sod and under these stones
 Lies the body of Mary Jones.
 Her name was Smith, it was not Jones,
 But Jones was made to rhyme with stones.

△ △ △

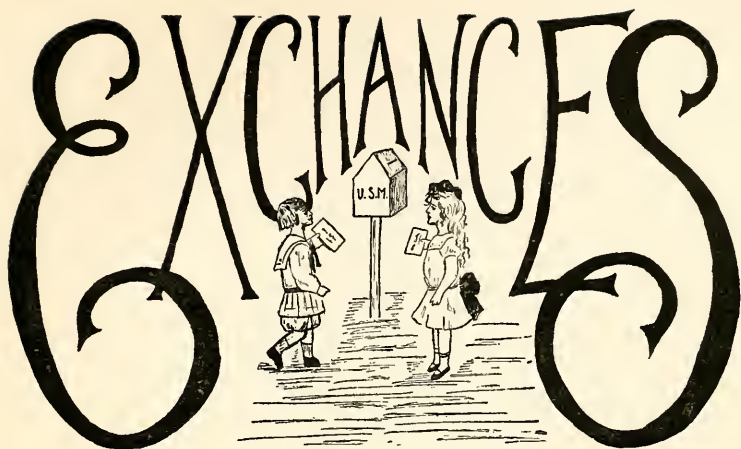
Bright Senior: "The land south of the equator is nearer
 the equator than the land north of it."

△ △ △

G-a-e H-w-l is taking dancing lessons. Much improve-
 ment is—looked for.

△ △ △

It is found that when potassium iodide (KI), and two parts
 of sulphur (SS) are mixed together, a very violent reaction
 ensues. Moreover, it is best to perform this experiment in
 the dark, as light renders some of the material explosive.



The muse of poetry has evidently deserted the haunts of the contributors to college magazines. The poems in *The Skirmisher* have for their themes good thoughts, and well carried out in idea if not in rhyme. Especially is this true of the poem, "A Visit to the Old Home." The thought is good, but the meter is faulty. The little sketch, "The Heart of the Woods," is a beautiful description of nature, and suggests that the author is a lover of nature, and one whose heart is atune to the harmony of nature. The other stories in this issue scarcely measure up to the usual standard.

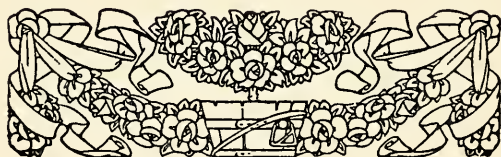


The three poems in the *William and Mary Magazine* show more of a true poetic feeling. The poets are to be congratulated in that they have succeeded in catching the breath of spring, in turn have breathed it into their poetry. The poem, "A Vision," is especially worthy of mention. As usual, the "Letters of a Freshman Found in a Waste-paper Basket" are clever and amusing. The fun-loving "freshie" is to be congratulated on his originality and power of expression. The stories, "Her Sacrifice" and "The Governor's Protégée," are interesting and well written. The story, "Who's to Blame?" is rather too tragic to be in tune with the rest of the magazine.

Most of the short stories in the *Peabody Record* are very enjoyable, especially the attractive little narrative, "Miss Nobody from Dreamland." "The Fairy's Mission" might have been made an attractive and interesting little fairy story. There is a noticeable lack of original poetry in this issue.

△ △ △

We acknowledge with thanks the following magazines: *The State Normal Magazine*, *The Daleville Leader*, *Cardinal and Cream*, *The Monthly Chronicle*, *The High School Student*, *The John Marshall Record*.



Locals

Mrs. E. H. McDonald has visited her daughter, Mertie McDonald.

Mrs. M. P. Dabney has been the guest of her daughter, Ruth Dabney, during the last weeks of school.

Visitors: Elizabeth Marston, Toano, Va.; Bessie Brown, Gainesville, Va.; Mattie West, Trevillian, Va.; Myrtle Grennels, Nancy Reed, Norfolk, Va.; Hettie Cobb, Franklin, Va.; Kate Hatcher, Bedford City, Va.; Mr. Byrd, Fredericksburg, Va.; Mrs. J. Rockwell Smith, Brazil; Mrs. Leckie, Lynchburg, Va.; Mr. A. B. Chandler, Richmond, Va.; Mr. Russell, Fredericksburg, Va.; Kathleen Price, Gala, Va.; Mr. I. Wilkinson, Lunenburg, Va.; Mr. Settle, Richmond, Va.; Mr. Arthur Wright, Richmond, Va.; Catherine Taylor, Richmond, Va.; Leth Duncanson, Richmond, Va.

Mr. B. M. Cox has been to Richmond to attend the graduation of Mr. T. K. Young.

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